

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor.
GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

The Paper That Does Things

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AUGUST 1, 1916.

MAMMOTHPRETS.

A fair southern student at the Harvard summer school, indignant at having her picture snapped by an amateur photographer, is said to have withered the audacious man by calling him and "impudent mammothprets."

She deserves gratitude for calling public attention to this lovely and wondrous word. It's really in the dictionary. And the definition is: "a child reared by its grandmother—hence a spoiled child."

The grandmothers may rise up in arms against the implied label, which is as old as the Greek language from which it comes. But mothers and fathers of a generation given to scientific child culture will welcome the term as a new and powerful weapon in their endless warfare against grandmotherly indulgence of their offspring.

Merely calling a child a "mammothprets" in the presence of "its grand-maternal ancestor ought to be enough to make grandma stop her coddling and acquiesce in parental discipline.

AT LAST, WE THINK, WE UNDERSTAND.

After groping around for several weeks in search of what Mr. Charles Evans Hughes may have meant by "undiluted Americanism," we have every reason to believe, at last, that we have found it. His address of acceptance of the republican nomination to the presidency, delivered in New York last night, furnishes the text. We must confess that we are somewhat disappointed. We hardly thought there could be an American to whom so euphonic an "ism," of so many possibilities, could mean so little. This being Mr. Hughes' second acceptance of the nomination—he having accepted once, on the same day he was nominated, by surprise,—we felt certain that he had something more that he wanted to say; something more definite; something more exhaustive; perhaps, something new, but it is difficult to find. By "undiluted Americanism," Mr. Hughes evidently means "unlimited egotism," that he wants to be president, and in this connection is so obsessed from without, and conceited from within, about the superior fitness of himself and his party, that he is willing to resort to any brand of sophistry essential to accomplishing his purpose.

If there is anything in this speech of acceptance, so-called, that is either new, more definite, or more exhaustive, than what the republicans have been prating about, not only since the national conventions but in advance of them—pardon us for not making the discovery. Add to the Chicago platform a little appendix calculated, apparently, to reflect a few appropriations from Col. T. Roosevelt—thus, mayhap, to assure the colonel that he is recognized,—and you have the New York speech in full dress. Of course, there are occasional oratorical frills. The song birds of Glens Falls must have been singing merrily in the trees, as the candidate for president, dotted down his notes to be reached on "this momentous occasion."

However, there is one assurance that we get from this speech, that we must confess; one assurance, we should say, of several dimensions. It is settled now that the democratic party is unsafe; that no difference what it does, it must be wrong; it is damned if it does, and it is damned if it doesn't; only republicans are competent to rule, to command respect abroad and at home, through the personnel of the nation's high officials and representatives, not only in Washington, and the customs and post offices, but beyond the seas. Sublime isn't it; but sublime what? We decline to answer, coming as it does from a candidate for the presidency. Ordinarily, one would expect a candidate for president, to be above such assinnity, but we must not expect too much from Mr. Hughes. People are used to such talk in more or less jocular vein, from orators of the stump; even from T. Roosevelt and A. Beveridge—whose egotisms are sometimes taken as tinctured with bombast,—but here is a man, one too, of some "judicial temperament," who actually takes himself seriously on the point. It is no wonder, we should say, that the republican press, not long ago rampant with condemnation of the kaiser and his "Myself and Godism," has closed up on the subject like a clam. It seems to have become a principle of the republican party, that is, if it can be judged by its leader.

Pres't Wilson is responsible for every adverse thing that has come to pass in the past three years, if Mr. Hughes has it sized up properly. How he came to miss the "Bermuda High," that has been sweltering we folk, can only be explained, in two ways. Either the speech was prepared in advance of the hotness, or maybe fears were entertained that accusing the president of brining such rising atmosphere north would interfere with the charge of his favoring the south; his sectionalism. But anyhow, the president has a good share of the war in Europe to answer for; he actually sunk the Lusitania,—because he wasn't "vicarious of the German emperor," we suppose, as Mr. Hughes hopes to be, and therefore able to prevent it. Then, besides,

while we do not know exactly what the "secret intrigues" were, we can see no other reason why we have not whipped the life out of England long ago, for her interference with our commerce, under Mr. Hughes' interpretations, unless it be that there is some terrible crookedness about it.

And Mexico. Again, the same old story. The administration is cursed for staying out, for going in, for getting out, for mobilizing the national guard, for not mobilizing it, and so on and so forth; anything to confuse the people and make them believe there is something wrong, and depending upon it that the less sure they are of what it is, so much the better. It is the style of Mr. Hughes' speech of acceptance throughout. He has about the same depth and breadth to his discussion of the tariff, the labor problem, preparedness, rural credits, woman suffrage, conservation; while to his credit, perhaps, because he cannot understand them, he leaves the federal reserve banking system, the child labor law, and much other beneficent legislation distinctly alone.

Indeed no, Mr. Hughes has done nothing in this speech to enhance his good standing with the country, either by way of an exposition of great intelligence on public questions, or great leadership. He stands today just as he stood from the start, T. Roosevelt's and Beveridge's indorsements notwithstanding, as a mere reflection of stand-pat, reactionary republicanism. His speech is a mere re-piping of their dreams, obsessed, as we said at the outset, with the conception from within, as it seems, that he has been divinely appointed from somewhere—perhaps along with the kaiser,—to reclaim the whole human race, of course, to submission to his will.

"WARS OF NATIONALITY."

Future generations will think of our present civilization, in all probability, just about as we think of civilizations that have long gone before us; pointing to a few of us with considerable pride and as representatives of a "golden age," but to the whole of us as an aggregation of barbarians, and like as not, barbarians plus.

Take the world as it stands today, half of it in arms, and the other half armless. Look back upon it from a hundred, or two hundred years hence. According to George Brandes, the famous Danish writer, posterity will say:

"That age was one that looked upon the wars of religion as barbarous, and yet failed to understand that wars of nationality are worse. The history of the wars of religion was a sinister farce. The history of the world-war was a stupid tragedy."

There is a wholesome warning in this prophecy. The fundamental cause of the great conflict was the cultivation of a narrow and intense national spirit. That spirit wasn't necessarily admirable because it was called "patriotism," anymore than the spirit that animated the Crusades was admirable because it was called "religion." Most of us are agreed today that the sentiment which hurled European armies against the Moslems for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre was not really Christian. Posterity may likewise agree that the sentiment which in our time inspired various peoples with intense loyalty to their own nation and unthinking enmity against neighboring nations was not really patriotism.

Patriotic loyalty is a fine virtue, necessary for the noblest development of national life. But any virtue may be perverted. Thus patriotism, instead of being a helpful, creative force for the upbuilding of one's own nation, may be turned into a deadly force used for the destruction of another nation.

This distinction should be kept clearly in view in giving patriotic instruction to children. The thing to be emphasized is love and service to one's own country. The thing to be carefully avoided is the cultivation in young and impressionable minds of suspicion and hatred of other races or nations. If the world-powers were to teach this nobler type of patriotism for a single generation, there would be little danger of another great war.

"DENTAL SUNDAY."

An interesting addition to our rapidly growing list of public celebrations is "Dental Sunday." It might also be called a religious innovation. The National Dental association, which is to assemble next week in Louisville, Ky., 5,000 strong, is to be given the freedom of the church pulpits for the propagation of dental truths. It is expected that nearly every pulpit in the city will be occupied by a dentist.

There is much to be said for the occasional infusion of dentistry into religious services. If cleanliness is next to godliness, certainly the dentists have a good case to argue, for no element of personal hygiene is more vital than a clean mouth. And the subject may even be said to have direct spiritual bearing. What man, whether saint or sinner, ever attained a high state of spiritual exaltation with an aching jaw? It is only when a congregation's teeth are in so comfortable a state that the owners are blissfully unconscious of them that pure religion has a fair chance to sink into their souls.

A wise pastor would probably invite a dentist into his pulpit three or four times a year to throw the fear of defective molars into his congregation.

New York city, after an exhaustive investigation of its various pension funds for municipal employees, finds that there is a deficit in those funds of \$203,000,000. A trivial sum, to be sure, for a city that boasts of an indebtedness greater than our national debt. And yet a mere outlander would suppose that a city with so much financial talent could figure out a pension system that would come within \$100,000,000 or so of making both ends meet.

Not long ago Mexican newspapers had the Mexican army occupying Washington and the president and congress hiding in "the mountains of Maine." Which is just about as near the truth as Mexican journalism usually gets, and shows one of the biggest difficulties we have to contend with in coming to any sort of understanding with the Mexican public.

This Villa mystery is getting on the nation's nerves. There must be some way of learning whether that celebrated bandit is alive or dead, and where he is, and what he's doing. Why not get hold of the hero who carried the message to Garcia, and send him to find Villa?

A year ago the Germans, in a frenzy of hero-worship, were driving nails into a wooden statue of Von Hindenburg. Now the Russians seem to be driving nails into Von Hindenburg himself.

Speaking of slang phrases—the doctors call infantile paralysis "poliomyelitis."

Progressive Party
Not a Suicide;
Was Assassinated

(By Savoyard.)

In 1912 the bull moose party polled 4,119,533 votes in the race for president of the United States against 3,484,980 votes for the regular republican ticket. When we recall that the aggregate popular vote cast for Abraham Lincoln in his two races for president—1860 and 1864—amounted to but 4,080,017, and when we further reflect that Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 got more votes by 1,996,795 than Gen. Grant received in 1864, and more by 322,455 than were cast for Grant in 1872—when we remember these statistics we must admit that it was a sure-enough party. Indeed, Roosevelt, the head of a brand new party, got more votes for president in 1912 than were cast for H. B. Hayes in 1876.

So it was a party all right. You are bound to concede that. Then why should it die? It was a bigger party than the republican party, and fitter to survive both in numerical strength and in political character. What was the foundation stone and the keystone of the bull moose party? Why, that its masses should command and its leaders take orders. It declared for the initiative and the referendum, and it carried its demands for "social justice" so far as to order an appeal from judicial decisions to popular election. It was a revolt from the rule of the bosses, who, for a score of years, had subjected the party of Lincoln to their will and to their whim. It was an indictment of invisible government such as had controlled every republican national convention for a double decade.

From whose quiver came the felon shafts that did to death this party of reform, so young, so vigorous, so enthusiastic, so patriotic, and of such glorious promise? From the leaders who assumed to be its bosses. The party did not commit suicide. It was assassinated. It was not licked in battle; its leaders abjectly surrendered it ere the fire of a shot. These leaders condemned it to death and refused a referendum of the people to the great body who composed its electorate. They killed it, bound it, gagged it, and carried it captive and laid it at the feet of the party whose iniquities it had repudiated and revolted from only so short a while before.

Shall the treason triumph? It is for the honest and the sincere bull moosers to say. The responsibility is theirs. If they are serfs they will submit to be driven by their bosses. If they are free men they will throw off their shackles and throttle their would-be masters. It is a matter of personal pride and patriotic duty. Were they in earnest? Did they believe anything? Were they only inflated with novelty? Were they just out on a frolic? The returns from the communities that cast such heavy votes for Roosevelt in 1912 will disclose.

What has the republican party done since 1912 to cleanse it of its sins so crimson and so shameless? In what respect are Penrose, Crane, Smoot and Gallinger reformed? They have as firm grip on the party in 1916 as they had in 1912. Elihu Root, who presided over the republican convention that "robbed" Roosevelt four years ago, is still the architect and the custodian of the principles of the K. O. P. and it is incessantly proclaimed that he is to be premier of the cabinet if Hughes shall be elected. If they win, James R. Mann, standpat, will be speaker; Joseph W. Fordney will be chairman of ways and means; Boies Penrose will be chairman of the senate finance committee, the place so long held by Nelson W. Aldrich, and Cabot Lodge, standpat, will head foreign relations, now become so important, decreeing as it may be whether we shall have peace or war.

That is the feast of crow which George W. Perkins, the plutocrat, has purveyed for the reform party of which he was chief of staff. The New York World is a very sagacious newspaper, its editorials perhaps the most powerful and convincing in the immediate field of American journalism. The World opines that the bull moose party ceased to exist when Mr. Perkins closed his check-book. There may be something in that; but I think it a better opinion that the bull moose party died when Mr. Perkins concluded that its death was preferable to another defeat of the republican party. Perhaps he did not love the bull moose party less; certainly he loved the republican party more. There never was a day, an hour, a moment, when George W. Perkins's ideal of statecraft was anything in the world but Aldrichism. When this new party of reform was created it was to the vital interest of Wall street to have a representative in it. You see the thing might have won and it behooved Wall street to be on the ground. That is how it came that George W. Perkins became a member of the bull moose party. It is written:

"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also with them."

Roosevelt's was the dagger of the beloved Brutus; Perkins stuck as did the envious Cassa when the bull moose party fell at the feet of Pompey's pillar.

Shall the treason triumph? Not unless Justice be asleep, or is gone on a journey, or is fled to brutish beasts.

Washington, July 27.

A little less reading in the Independent this week than usual may be attributed to the fact that our typesetting machine (?) is not in working order on account of an over supply of that product that ade Milwaukee famous. If there was any way of getting the type set we would write about 17 columns in favor of prohibition.—Conrad (Mont.) Independent.

THE MELTING POT

FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

THE SOFT WORD.

A very short and simple monosyllable is "please." A word which can be uttered with celerity and ease. It lends the touch of gentleness to order and request; it smooths the rasping corners of the tyrannous behest; And we should all be greatly stimulated, helped and joyed To see this simple syllable more frequently employed.

The laws should read: "Please do not set your neighbor's house on fire."

Please do not walk upon the grass if that is your desire. Please do not burglarize our banks, but ask to have the keys. Please do not fake your country's coin; and please, oh, pretty please, Do not employ your honest hands in steering fast and far Your fellow mortal's best beloved and only motor car."

It's easy to believe our thoughtless disregard of law Arises from the fact that it is worded rather raw. "Thou shalt not" is a harsh command and somewhat impolite; It seems to hint that we are not disposed to doing right; The world might operate with fewer lawyers, courts and fees If all the statutes were refined and introduced with "please." A. B. B.

One of the extreme horrors of war must be to be flatly repulsed.

Useless things—A bag pipe at a German picnic.

Some men are real nice to their wives—They buy small sized hose so the ladies won't have so much trouble sprinkling the lawn.

SUMMER FICTION.

Over in the west, the sun was on its last hour in the heavens. The heroine stood on the shore of the lake, looking out over the waters. A canoe glided along, propelled by the muscular strokes of the hero. The canoe rammed its nose on the sands and the girl stepped into the boat.

Then our hero paddled and floated along. Theirs was contentment. They talked of this and that and all too soon realized that darkness was approaching. Then he paddled to shore and the girl stepped from the canoe.

"Fate," he said, "brought you to me," as he held her sun-tanned hand in his.

"Yes," she murmured with a far-away look, "it was fate."

"We do not know each other's name," he said, but we will leave it to fate once more. She will bring you and me together again and then we will know."

"Then we will know," she said and turning went up the bank, while the hero paddled away in the coming darkness.

Chapter II.

She was driving her electric in one of the suburbs of her home city. Suddenly ahead she noticed a man coming in her direction. She looked again, and then she realized who he was. He was the hero of her summer romance. Joy permeated her heart until,—until she noticed. He was pushing his baby buggy.

IT WAS GREAT.

The inspired reporter wrote this on a hot day: The splash of the waters on the pebbly or shingly or sandy beaches mingled with the noise of the bathers, the shouts of those on the rafts, the laughter of the girls and the cooling of the babies.

Perhaps it didn't write it this way, but this is the way it appeared in print.

Cold wave is promised by the weatherman for today.—Go ahead. We are prepared for the cool blow. They laugh at this—some of them in vaudeville. "Never chase a street

WITH OTHER EDITORS
THAN OURS

MAKE THE HOTEL HOMEY.

Hotel Life (Cleveland).

Some hotels seem to be constructed with a view to encouraging guests to spend all their time with the exception of their actual sleeping hours elsewhere than in their rooms. We see handsomely fitted bars, rotundas, and smoking rooms, and in some instances billiard rooms for the male guests, and handsomely furnished parlors for lady patrons, but he who gathers from the fine appointments of these that the whole hotel is beyond reproach would be vastly astonished by a glimpse of some of the bedrooms of these very hotels. Too often the bedroom is looked upon as a mere sleeping apartment, whereas it should be regarded as a sitting room, too. A large majority of the traveling public are so surfeited with hotel life that what they are looking for is a hotel that is as little as possible like a hotel. They want to spend a good deal of their spare time in their own rooms just as they would do at home, but how can they if that room contains furniture that gives one the creeps and is decorated with wall paper that one would not paper a dog kennel with—if he loved his dog?

Careful provision should also be made for good light in every bedroom, that is to say, good artificial light. It is presumed that the hotel is so laid out as to afford as much light as is available, but when darkness sets in and the blinds are drawn, the guest wants a light within easy reach, and which will enable him to read without straining his eyes.

Philadelphia courts last year forced 3,832 men to support their wives.

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